Boult. And if ſhee were a thornyer peece of ground then ſhee is, ſhee ſhall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: ſhees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde? Marry come vp my diſh of chaſtitie with roſemary & baies.

Boult. Come miſtris, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou haue mee?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold ſo deere.

Ma. Prithee tell mee one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why, I could wiſh him to bee my maſter, or rather my miſtris.

Ma. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'ſt a place for which the pained'ſt feende of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cuſterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fiſting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is ſuch as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? wher a man may ſerue 7. yeers for the loſſe of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou doeſt, emptie olde receptacles, or common-ſhores of filthe, ſerue by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of theſe wayes are yet better then this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could he ſpeak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold ſafely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy maſter would gaine by me, proclaime that I can ſing, weaue, ſow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boaſt, and will vndertake all theſe to teache. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde manie ſchollers.

Boult.

Boult. But can you teache all this you ſpeake of?

Ma. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe, And proſtitute mee to the baſeſt groome that doeth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well I will ſee what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Ma. But amongſt honeſt woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongſt them, But ſince my maſter and miſtris hath bought you, theres no going but by their conſent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell ſcapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honeſt-houſe* our Storie ſayes:
Shee ſings like one immortall, and ſhee daunces
As Goddeſſe-like to her admired layes. (ſes,
Deepe clearks ſhe dumb's, and with her neele compo-
Natures owne ſhape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.
That euen her art ſiſters the naturall Roſes
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,
That puples lackes ſhe none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the curſed Bawd, here wee her place,
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'de
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coaſt,
Suppoſe him now at *Anchor:* the Citie ſtriu'de
God *Neptunes Annuall* feaſt to keepe, from whence
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* Shippe eſpies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,